Longwood, June 9, 1871.

Dear Wife—I have heard nothing from home since last Monday, but I sent you a hastily written letter on Wednesday, ~~written~~ pencilled in Alfred Love's store, giving you an account of my movements up to that time. I then joined Miss Brown by appointment, who came into the city to take me into several artists' room, and to introduce me to her ~~several~~ teachers in drawing, painting, &c. They were all very courteous, and had some very fine pictures. We then went to the photographic rooms of Mr. Broadbent, who took my likeness some years ago as large as life, and has it hanging upon his walls in company with Phillips Brooks, Wendell Phillips, and others. I shall probably sit to him again before my return.

After that, May took me to her fine brown stone residence (now shut up for the season) in Arch Street — a very lofty pile, with multitudinous rooms, an immense parlor, and a spacious hall. There I spent an hour in examining the apartments, and looking at some superb photographic views of Rome through the grand magnifying instrument such as is owned by Moses Kimball. I almost broke the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." Next we went to an elegant restaurant in ~~Arch~~ Chestnut Street, and partook of a lunch together, until it was time for me to go directly to the railroad depot to take passage for Rosedale Station, the nearest to Longwood. I particularly promised May, if I heard that all was going on well with you, I would return, and spend Monday and Tuesday with her, and then for home.

Oliver Johnson, Rev. John W. Chadwick, and Mrs. Celia Burleigh came on in the New York train — ~~the two~~ Oliver, on our arrival, going to Isaac and Dinah Mendenhall's, where Mary Anne has been visiting for several weeks, Mr. Chadwick and Mrs. Burleigh to Chandler Darlington, and I alone to John and Hannah Cox's. John is 86 years old, and seems to be very much the same as he was twenty years ago. Hannah is not as well as usual, suffering somewhat from palpitation of the heart, but still able to attend to her household affairs, and is as cheerful as ever in her spirits and as motherly in her attentions. All three of the unmarried daughters are at home — Mary, (whose mind is affected by some serious hallucinations,) Lydia, and ~~Mary~~ Anne. The two sons, Jacob and William are both married, and living near the old homestead. I received a warm welcome from them all.

We have had four meetings already, quite interesting, and shall conclude the series ~~to-day~~ to-morrow, (Saturday,) so far as the Yearly gathering is concerned. On Sunday we shall hold a local meeting, to be addressed by Mr. Chadwick, Mrs. Burleigh, and myself. The two former have read well-written essays to the meetings, one on Theodore Parker, and the other on the overruling of ~~evil~~ for good by the Divine Power.

This Yesterday morning Lucretia Mott, Edward M. Davis, Sarah Pugh, Robert Purvis, and Mrs. E.D. Rockwood of Boston, ~~all~~ were to have ~~spoken~~ spoken, but stopping at different places. Lucretia made a tolerably long but somewhat disconnected speech at our forenoon session, chiefly occupied with her reminiscences of the rise and progress of the Woman's Rights' movement, but was listened with much interest as well as great reverence by all present. She will attend

our meeting to-morrow forenoon (10th), and then leave for Bristol, where she is to speak at Friends' meeting ~~to-morrow~~ on Sunday.

Purvis has avoided me, and thus far has been quiet. Probably we shall hear from him to-morrow.

I shall disappoint you as to the time of my getting home, having just written to Mary Brown that I will partake of her hospitality from Monday to Wednesday morning, as I have been pressingly urged to do in order to see more of the Philadelphia friends. I venture to lengthen my visit a little beyond my original plan, because I presume Miss Dow is with you to-night, according to promise; otherwise, I should hurry back from Longwood. I shall regret loosing the pleasure that you will have on the recurrence of the birth-day of Agnes, but trust there will be gathered a goodly number of children to celebrate it,

and that nothing will occur to mar the festivity of the occasion. You or Fanny may buy for me, to be given to Agnes, whatever present or presents you may think proper, and I will settle the score on my return. Tell Agnes that grandpapa is very sorry not to be at home to give her some birth-day kisses, and to meet the little children who will come together to enjoy the occasion.

Say to Helen that grandpapa is thinking and talking about her and Harold a great deal; that he has seen a good many little children since he left home, but none that he loves quite so well as he does her and her darling brother.

Wednesday morning I shall leave Philadelphia for New York, to take the afternoon train for New Haven, where I intend to stop over night to see if I can find a suitable carriage for you. On Thursday evening I hope to be at home (9 o'clock) by the Shore line. Your loving W. L. G.